

## Day of Glory Ended

Palace at Avignon, Once Home of the Popes, Now Scene of Vanished Splendor

(Special Correspondence.)

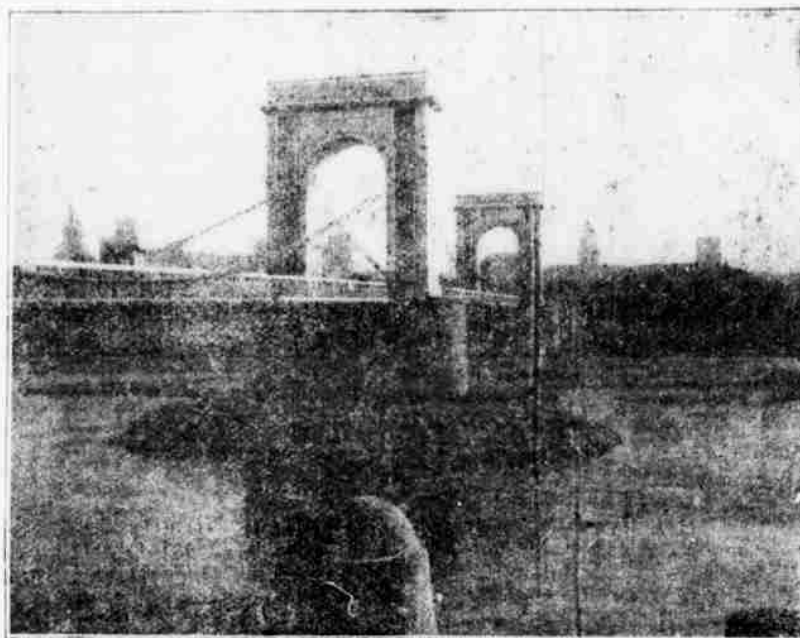
At Avignon, in the south of France, may still be seen the palace in which the popes lived and ruled during what Petrarch called the "shameful exile of the church of Jesus Christ," and other writers have named "the Babylonish captivity," in the fourteenth century. Although defaced and occupied as a barracks, the palace retains its chief architectural features, and is one of the most massive and most nearly perfect specimens of fourteenth century military architecture in existence to-day.

Those were troublous days in which the papal court was established on the soil of Provence, and the palace was begun on a scale to insure great strength. It was further strengthened as construction went on, until it was like a fortress, protected from within and without by every device then employed for such a purpose. Here ruled seven popes, all French, from 1305 to 1408, in great power and luxury.

Writing of Avignon in the time of the popes, Daudet, in his "Letters from My Mill," thus describes the life of the city:

"Whoso did not see Avignon in the days of the popes has seen nothing. For gaiety, life, animation, the excitement of festivals, never was a town like it. From morning till night there was nothing but processions, pilgrimages, streets strewn with flowers, draped with tapestries, cardinals arriving by the Rhone, banners waving in the breeze, galleys dressed in flags, the pope's soldiers chanting Latin on the squares, and the tinkling rattle of the begging friars; while from garret to cellar of houses that pressed, humming, round the great papal palace, like bees around their hive, came the tuck-tuck of lace looms, the tound-tound of shuttles weaving the gold thread of chasubles, the taptap of the goldsmith's chasing tools on the chalices, the tuning of choir instruments at the lutenmakers', the song of the spinners at their work; and above all this rose the sound of bells, and always the echo of certain tambourines coming from away down there on the bridge of Avignon: because, with us, when

Only the grim old castle, and the adjoining church containing tombs of many cardinals and archbishops, and two popes, remain as reminders of the papal reign in Avignon. The old halls of the palace have been cut up into small apartments, and the original arrangement of its interior is only suggested. In two small remaining chapels are a few frescoes, and those are all that are left of its once beautiful decorations. The remains of the kitchen are seen, where, profane history states, heretics were roasted in



Suspension Bridge Near Avignon.

the Inquisition. In the choir of the adjoining cathedral is the simple marble throne used by the popes. There also is the tomb of Pope John XII, who is remembered for having left a treasure of 15,000,000 gold florins, and 7,000,000 in plate and jewels.

### Romance in Early History.

Romance invests the memories of the foundation and early history of the papal palace. Avignon was first ceded to the popes in 1273, and sovereignty over it is said to have been sold to Clement V by Joanna, the girl queen of Naples and Provence, in 1346, for 80,000 gold florins (which were said never to have been paid). In consideration for a dispensation permitting her to marry the man of her heart, Prince Louis de Tarentum, her first husband, having been murdered.

Petrarch was a guest and friend of a prisoner at Avignon at the height of the papal glory there, and the palace sheltered illustrious men from far and near. Trains of warriors, princes with their gorgeous following, churchmen of high and low degree, and endless bands of pilgrims of more common clay, journeyed to the walled city by the Rhone to pay their respects to the head of the church.

The last pope to rule at Avignon was Gregory XI, who took the papal court back to Rome in 1408. After his departure Avignon was ruled by a legate, and after a time by a viceroy, until the French revolution, when the city was reunited with France. In 1797 the pope renounced all right to it forever.

### Reign of Anti-Popes.

After the departure of the popes—who had brought their court to French soil owing to the turbulence of Rome—schism and disorder held sway at Avignon. Three "anti-popes" held court here, holding their place by force. One of them, Benedict XIII, when besieged by an army under Marshal Boucault, escaped by a postern gate and fled.

One of the bloodiest atrocities in the French revolution was committed at the palace in Avignon, when sixty-one men, women and children were hurled from its highest tower into a ditch, and quicklime was thrown upon them.

The papal palace is a drowsy place to-day, basking in the torrid southern sunshine like a decaying monument to a dead past. Its drawbridge, portcullis and iron gates are gone, but the balcony where the pope stood when he blessed the people is still to be seen above the entrance. The tourist finds the palace worth a few hours' inspection; the student of church history finds it worthy of a long journey and close study.

### Romans Established the Gauge.

The ancient Romans made the standard gauge of our present railways. The width of the wheel base of the most up-to-date dining car is what it is because it was originally

that of the chariots which rolled along the Roman roads in Britain. A recent speaker upon the subject at Newcastle has put the matter beyond theory. He said that many years ago he had known an old gentleman who, in his youth, had been associated with Stephenson. This old gentleman had told him that he had asked the great engineer why he had adopted the still existing gauge and Stephenson had explained that he found it was the width between the ruts in the roads along the Roman wall and that he thought that if a world power like Rome had found that gauge the most effective he could not do better than to adopt it also.—Pearson's Weekly.

### It Might Be of Some Use.

There are some persons who take a sordid, utilitarian view of everything, including the achievements of science. A public-spirited citizen who was trying to raise funds to assist a well-known Arctic explorer in fitting out an expedition for polar research, called upon a wealthy wood merchant and asked him for a contribution.

"What's the good of it?" asked the merchant.

"The good of it? Won't it be worth something to mankind if he discovers the North Pole?"

"Suppose he does find it. What good is the North Pole to anybody?"

Here the caller's patience gave way. "I didn't know but you might have some curiosity, as an expert, to know what kind of wood it's made of," he said, turning on his heel and walking out.—Weekly Scotsman.

### Nothing in It.

"Remember," said the serious friend, "that you are a servant of the people."

"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum. "The trouble is that nowadays you are expected to serve the people without accepting any tips."—Washington Star.

## WOMEN'S NEGLECT

### SUFFERING THE SURE PENALTY

Health Thus Lost Is Restored by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

How many women do you know who are perfectly well and strong? We hear every day the same story over and over again. "I do not feel well; I am so tired all the time!"



More than likely you speak the same words yourself, and no doubt you feel far from well. The cause may be easily traced to some derangement of the female organs which manifests itself in depression of spirits, reluctance to go anywhere or do anything, backache, bearing-down pains, flatulency, nervousness, sleeplessness, leucorrhoea.

These symptoms are but warnings that there is danger ahead, and unless heeded a life of suffering or a serious operation is the inevitable result.

The never-failing remedy for all these symptoms is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Miss Kate McDonald, of Woodbridge, N. J., writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:

"I think that a woman naturally dislikes to make her troubles known to the public, but restored health has meant so much to me that I cannot help from telling mine for the sake of other suffering women."

"For a long time I suffered untold agony with a uterine trouble and irregularities, which made me a physical wreck, and no one thought I would recover, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has entirely cured me, and made me well and strong, and I feel it my duty to tell other suffering women what a splendid medicine it is."

If you are ill, don't hesitate to get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once, and write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for special advice—it is free and always helpful.

## HAVE YOU COWS?

If you have cream to separate a good Cream Separator is the most profitable investment you can possibly make. Delay means daily waste of time, labor and product.



DE LAVAL CREAM SEPARATORS save \$10.00 per cow per year every year of use over all gravity setting systems and \$5.00 per cow over all imitating separators. They received the Grand Prize or Highest Award at St. Louis.

Buying trashy cash-in-advance separators is penny wise, dollar foolish. Such machines quickly lose their cost instead of saving it.

If you haven't the ready cash DE LAVAL machines may be bought on such liberal terms that they actually pay for themselves.

Send today for new catalogue and name of nearest local agent.

**THE DE LAVAL SEPARATOR CO.**  
Randolph & Canal Sts. 74 Cortlandt Street  
CHICAGO NEW YORK



**PAXTINE TOILET ANTISEPTIC FOR WOMEN**  
troubled with its peculiar to their sex, used as a douche is marvellously successful. Thoroughly cleanses, kills disease germs, stops discharges, heals inflammation and local soreness.

Paxtine is in powder form to be dissolved in pure water, and is far more cleansing, healing, germicidal and economical than liquid antiseptics for all

**TOILET AND WOMEN'S SPECIAL USES**  
For sale at druggists, 50 cents a box.

Trial Box and Book of Instructions Free.  
THE H. PAXTON COMPANY BOSTON, MASS.



Ancient Palace of the Popes.

the people are happy they must dance, they must dance—and in those days the streets were too narrow for the farandole, and fives and tambourines posted themselves on the bridge of Avignon, in the fresh breeze from the Rhone, and day and night the fives danced, they danced. Ah, the happy times! the happy town! Halberds that did not wound, prisons where the wine was put to cool; no hunger, no war. That's how the popes of the Comtat governed their people, and that's why their people so deeply regretted them."